

The Fable of Midas.

MIDAS, we are in Story told,
Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch't to *Gold* :
He chip't his *Bread*, the Pieces round

Glitter'd like Spangles on the Ground :

A Codling e'er it went his Lip in,

Would strait become a *Golden Pippin* :

He call'd for Drink, you saw him Sup

Potable Gold in *Golden Cup*.

His empty Paunch that he might fill,

He suck't his Vittels thro' a Quill ;

Untouch't it pass't between his Grinders,

Or't had been happy for *Gold-finders*.

He cock't his Hat, you would have said

Mambrino's Helm adorn'd his Head.

Whene'er he chanc'd his Hands to lay,

On Magazines of *Corn* or *Hay*,

Gold ready Coin'd appear'd, instead

Of poultry *Provender* and *Bread* !

Hence we are by wise Farmers told,

Old Hay is equal to Old Gold ;

And hence a Critick deep maintains,

We learn't to weigh our *Gold* by *Grains*.

This *Fool* had got a *lucky Hit*,

And People fancy'd he had *Wit* :

Two Gods their Skill in Musick try'd,

And both chose *Midas* to decide ;

He against *Phebus* Harp decreed,

And gave it for *Pan's* oaten Reed :

The God of *Wit* to shew his Grudge,

Clap't *Asses* Ears upon the Judge,

A goodly pair, erect and wide,

Which he could neither *Gild* nor hide.

And now the Virtue of his *Hands*,

Was lost among *Pactolus* Sands,

Against whose Torrent while he Swims,

The *Golden Scurf* peels off his Limbs :

Fame spreads the News, and People travel

From far, to gather *golden Gravel* ;

Midas, expos'd to all their Jears,

Had lost his *Art*, and kept his *Ears*.

This

THis Tale inclines the gentle Reader,
To think upon a certain *Leader*,
To whom from *Midas* down, descends
That *Virtue* in the *Fingers* ends:
What else by *Perquisites* are meant,
By *Pensions*, *Bribes*, and *three per Cent*?
By *Places* and *Commissions* sold,
And turning *Dung* it self to *Gold*?
By starving in the midst of *Store*,
As t'other *Midas* did before?

None e'er did modern *Midas* chuse,
Subject or Patron of his *Muse*,
But found him thus their Merit Scan,
That *Phebus* must give Place to *Pan*:
He values not the Poet's Praise,
Nor will exchange His *Plumbs* for *Bays*:
To *Pan* alone rich Misers call,
And there's the Jest, for *Pan* is *A L L*:
Here *English* Wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the *Greek*.

Besides, it plainly now appears,
Our *Midas* too has *Asses Ears*;
Where every Fool his Mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand *Lies*;
Such gross *Delusions* could not pass,
Thro' any Ears but of an *Ass*.

But *Gold* defiles with frequent *Touch*,
There's nothing fouls the Hands so much:
And Scholars give it for the Cause,
Of *British Midas* dirty Paws;
Which while the *Senate* strove to scower,
They wash't away the *Chymick Power*.
While He his utmost Strength apply'd,
To Swim against this *Pop'lar Tide*,
The *Golden Spoils* flew off apace,
Here fell a *Pension*, there a *Place*:
The *Torrent*, merciless, imbibes
Commissions, *Perquisites*, and *Bribes*,
By their own Weight sunk to the Bottom;
Much good may do 'em that have caught 'um.
And *Midas* now neglected stands,
With *Asses Ears*, and dirty *Hands*,